

Episode #92-014

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Dying For Fame"

Written by  
Shelly Goldstein

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SHOOTING DRAFT  
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DYING FOR FAME

Page History

July 21, 1992 - WHITE - SHOOTING DRAFT

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4, 5, 8, 8A, 10, 13, 17, 18, 23, 24, 27, 29, 40, 44, 47, 53

DYING FOR FAME

Cast List

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies  
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos  
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher  
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer  
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene  
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett  
REBECCA  
MARTY  
WENDY  
CHERYL  
BREE  
CHAMBERMAID  
HOTEL MANAGER  
STEPHANIE ("STEVE")  
JOCKETTE  
P.R. WOMAN  
LAWYER  
PTA MOTHER  
WANABE  
MALE FAN  
REPORTER  
HAWKER  
BOUNCER  
PASSING COP  
FEMALE FAN  
MALE FAN (#2)  
YOUNG WOMAN

\*

SETS

IN AN AUDITORIUM (ON VIDEO)  
IN A HOTEL UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE (ON VIDEO)  
IN A HOTEL ROOM (ON VIDEO)  
A POSH HOTEL SUITE  
INT. PRECINCT  
INT. INTERVIEW ROOM  
EXT. STREET CORNER (ON TV SCREEN)  
INT. AUDITORIUM - ON STAGE  
INT. NICK'S LOFT - BEDROOM  
INT. NICK'S LOFT - LOWER LEVEL  
INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE  
EXT. PRECINCT  
INT. CADILLAC  
INT. PRECINCT DUTY ROOM  
EXT. AUDITORIUM  
INT. THE LIMO  
INT. AUDITORIUM - A CORRIDOR  
INT. AUDITORIUM - WINGS  
INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE  
EXT. DREAM STREET  
EXT. PARK  
EXT. HOUSE/BACK YARD  
EXT. A BRIGHT SUNNY BEACH  
INT. VANESSA'S DRESSING AREA  
INT. MORGUE  
INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY  
EXT. STREET

\*

\*

INT. NICK'S LOFT DINING AREA\*  
INT. PRISON CELL (FANTASY)  
INT. HOLDING CELL  
INT. BOILER ROOM  
  
EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT  
INT. STORAGE CLOSET  
EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD

\*

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 ON A VIDEO

1

A hot, mocking beat. A beautiful rock icon, REBECCA, dressed in black lingerie... singing an in-your-face number called "Fan Kill" (Lyrics and music being written now by Mollin & Co.). The song is a bitter anthem about a rock star whose life is no longer her own... her only way out is to... fan kill. Like all videos, the locations will flip back and forth:

\*

2 IN AN AUDITORIUM

2

Where Rebecca is performing with her band. Audience crowding the stage. Her expression is unreadable beneath her white sunglasses.

\*

REBECCA

\*

(sings)

My torture is over.

It's your turn to cry.

I've only one dream now:

She suddenly strips away the front of the guitar she's playing... to reveal that it's really an Uzi.

REBECCA

\*

MY FANS MUST DIE!

She OPENS FIRE on her fans!

3 IN A HOTEL UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE

3\*

Autograph hounds swarming around her as she enters. Photographers taking pictures.

REBECCA

\*

You've robbed my life.

You've stolen my soul.

You've picked at my flesh:

Rebecca's entourage shepherds her to an elevator... she enters... then turns with a smile as the door starts to close. A gun in her hand.

\*

REBECCA

\*

NOW YOU MUST GO!

She FIRES.

4 IN A HOTEL ROOM

4

Now she's standing on a bed in lingerie - two hunky, nearly naked men, groveling around her legs. Embracing her.

REBECCA

Love me baby, Love me baby.

It's your turn to cry.

Love me baby, Love me baby.

\*

Rebecca pulls a shining 9 inch knife out of her bustier...

\*

REBECCA

YOUR TURN TO DIE!

\*

And she reaches down with the knife, just out of frame, stabbing them over and over...

We PULL BACK to reveal that we are watching the video on a high-tech TV monitor. An MTV-like title is superimposed onto the bottom left corner of the screen. It reads:

REBECCA

"My Fans Must Die"

Black Sheep Records.

\*

\*

We continue to PULL BACK, revealing that we are in

5 A POSH HOTEL SUITE

5

A setting similar to the video (except we can't identify it as the bedroom), dimly lit by the light of the TV screen.

An equally handsome LOVER rolls over on the bed, turning away from the screen with a smile - that freezes -

As the same flawless 9-inch knife is held aloft, then plunged.

By the same beautiful woman -- or is it?? -- in silhouette astride him...He goes limp - dead. Her shoulders slump momentarily...then straighten...before she rolls off him and leaves the bed.

WE MOVE IN on the tattoo on the dead Lover's arm..."REBECCA - Your Fan For Life"

\*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

6

WITH STONETREE - tracking through the precinct - which has clearly just come through some kind of active mode - very few officers. A uniform hurries along with an armload of radios.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

STONETREE  
We need more radios. Call  
Mississauga... see if they can  
spring a few for the next couple of  
days. Isn't she going to Buffalo  
next? Maybe we can work out a deal  
with them...

SCHANKE joins him with a smile - jazzed.

SCHANKE  
Rock and roll.

STONETREE  
This is funny to you.

SCHANKE  
This is what it's all about. Shake  
it up. Let it burn.

STONETREE  
Even if it means back to back  
double shifts?

SCHANKE  
(doesn't like this)  
Back to back shifts?

STONETREE  
Doubles. I'm calling the night  
watch in early.

SCHANKE  
Don't you think you might be  
overreacting?

STONETREE  
Have you seen her video?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SCHANKE

Well, actually, no... I don't watch the rock channel too much anymore.... I mean, I still like rock. It's just that...

They cruise into

7 THE INTERVIEW ROOM

7

littered with post-meeting styro cups and papers. A TV is on playing Rebecca's video and its homicidal conclusion. Schanke gawks.

STONETREE

They've been running it non-stop for the last 24 hours.

SCHANKE

...I guess no one ever told her they call it underwear for a reason.

8 ON TV SCREEN

8

A cute VIDEO JOCKETTE (think Downtown Julie Brown/Tabitha) appears on the tube.

JOCKETTE

All right. "My Fans Must Die"  
(beat)

Re - becca - baby! Not too controversial! Rebecca's in Toronto kicking off her fifty-two city tour and we're certainly getting a lot of feedback. Maybe a little too over the top, Rebecca? Naughty, naughty...

\*

9 Cut in on A PTA MOTHER, 50-SOMETHING (generic background), dead serious.

9

PTA MOTHER

- and we feel that Rebecca is contributing to the moral decay of our society and young people. Her concerts should be banned.

10 CUTE REBECCA WANABE, 20s (outside a record store, street corner, whatever), Friends crowd around to get on TV.

10

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WANABE

We love her and she wants to kill us? It's, like, a really nice way to say 'thanks'.

AD LIBBED "YEAH"s from the Friends. One WILD-EYED MALE FAN leans in front.

MALE FAN

'S right, man. Who the hell does she think she is?! Kill her, man. She's dissin' her fans! Maybe she should die.

\*

JOCKETTE (O.C.)

Are you going to go her concert?

MALE FAN

(beat...is she crazy?)  
Friggin' rights, I am.

\*

11 RESUME INTERVIEW ROOM

11

Stonetree clicks off the TV and turns to Schanke.

STONETREE

That gives you an idea of the problem.

SCHANKE

Raging adolescent hormones?

Stonetree tosses a thick pile of letters to him.

STONETREE

Death threats.

SCHANKE

You're not taking those kids seriously are you? This is probably the reaction that Rebecca wants to get. It sells records. It's show biz. You're overreacting.

STONETREE

Sixteen community church groups want to shut the concert down. A hundred thousand paying customers want the show to go on - and maybe half of those want to take a shot at her...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

STONETREE (cont'd)

So I've got a dozen uniforms at her hotel covering crowd control...and I still have to put cops out onto the street to deal with the city.

(beat)

What do you think I should do, Schanke?

Beat.

SCHANKE

Uh...perhaps get the night shift in here?

(beat; wan smile)

Pronto?

12 INT. AUDITORIUM (ON STAGE) - DAY

12

Rebecca's crew is waiting to begin a rehearsal. Her MUSICIANS play poker atop a speaker. Three sexy female back-up singer/dancers, WENDY, CHERYL and BREE (all Rebecca lookalikes) are warming up, bored. They're used to being kept waiting. Rebecca's manager, MARTY BENSON - 30s, ponytail, with a seen-it-all George Carlin weariness - paces the stage..

\*

\*

\*

MARTY

It's not bad enough that she's murdering her career with this Fan Kill stuff... No, now she's gotta kill me. I'm staring death in the face, here... and I don't like it. Has she any idea what triple overtime costs?

(to musicians)

Billy? Snake? Close out the game and let's roll. We're starting without her.

(points to Wendy)

Wendy? It's Wendy, right?

WENDY

(a little resentful)

Yeah, Marty, it's Wendy.

MARTY

I know it's Wendy. Go find one of her wigs or something and stand-in while we set lights. Has anybody bothered to call the hotel?

They all scurry to follow his dictum.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

BREE

She has the switchboard picking up.

MARTY

Tell the hotel to put the call through or I'm not going to put their check through. Think they can understand that?

Bree starts out. Marty has another thought.

MARTY

Tell her she's gotta come down, Bree. I don't care if she's drunk, I don't care if she's dead. I want her here now.

(please note: If the last two scenes seem similar, it isn't by accident. Parallel action takes place between now and the end of the act, giving us a connection between Nick's life and Rebecca's. The scenes should be shot to play up that fact, and intercut, if we want to, more than is indicated.)

\*

13 INT. NICK'S LOFT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

13

Nick is sound asleep. The room is eerily peaceful. Next to Nick's bed, on a night stand, is an empty wine bottle. Next to the bottle is a goblet filled with some residual traces of red liquid -- the remnants of a bedtime snack. The quiet is broken by a jarring sound.

SFX: A SHRILL TELEPHONE

Nick stirs but is too exhausted to rise. His answering machine clicks on.

NICK'S VOICE

This is Nick Knight. I'm either asleep or incommunicado so leave your number at the beep.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Knight?... Knight? Rise and shine. Stonetree's sweating blood. Duty calls. I know you're much too cool to come out and play in the daytime...

Nick is waking up. Not easily.

NICK

(overlapping; groggily)  
Go away.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCHANKE'S VOICE

...but we've got a reported  
homicide at the Royal Astor Hotel,  
and you're needed at the station  
now. Tora. Pronto. So stop doing  
whatever the hell it is you do in  
the high-tech dungeon of doom and  
get your butt down here. Chow.

\*  
\*  
\*

Nick moans and pours himself out of bed. Each step is a  
painful battle against gravity. Even vampires hate  
unexpected wake-up calls. He trudges down the stairs to:

14 THE LOWER LEVEL - Half-asleep, moving by instinct, Nick  
drags himself to the fridge, mumbling to himself.

14

NICK

What time is it? What day is it?  
What century is it?

Nick grabs an ornate crystal goblet, removes a bottle from  
the fridge and pours himself a hearty helping of hemoglobin.  
As he is about to lift the goblet to his lips, it catches a  
flash of sunlight coming in a crack of the blinds. Nick  
reacts to it, squinting the way a drunk does to a loud  
noise. It's daytime for chrissakes. He raises the glass  
again.

NICK

(wry;dark)  
...To my health.

And drinks, hungrily.

CUT TO:

15 INT. THE POSH HOTEL BEDROOM SUITE -- SHORTLY THEREAFTER

15

Rebecca is dead asleep, naked beneath the covers. Asleep  
next to her, his back to us, is a studly Boy Toy.

HER NIGHT STAND

An empty bottle of bourbon lies on its side, next to a  
telephone. It suddenly RINGS LOUDLY.

REBECCA stirs. Painfully.

REBECCA

Go away.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

The phone continues to ring. Rebecca reaches for it, knocking the receiver onto the floor. She "fishes" the cord from the floor to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Imagine your cruelest hangover. Hers is worse.

REBECCA  
(into phone)  
Whoever you are, if this room isn't  
on fire, you're looking for a job.

\*

16 THE AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE

16

Bree is on a pay phone. We INTERCUT between conversations.

BREE  
Rebecca, it's Bree. I'm at the  
Stadium.

\*

REBECCA  
Who's playing? Anybody good?

\*

BREE  
You're two hours late for  
rehearsal. Marty's ready to kill  
you.

REBECCA  
Fifteen percent of a dead woman  
isn't going to buy him that house  
in Aspen.

\*

BREE  
I'm not kidding. He's borderline  
hysterical.

REBECCA  
Tell him male hysteria is the  
definitive sign of infantile  
genitalia.

\*

BREE  
The car's waiting for you down  
front.

Rebecca hangs up. Or, more to the point, throws the  
receiver at the phone cradle. She looks around, notices the  
empty bourbon bottle on her night stand.

\*

REBECCA  
Damn.

\*

She throws the bottle across the room. Finally, she hazily  
notices the naked hunk next to her. No big thrill.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

REBECCA

(dry)

Thank you, Santa. But what I  
really wanted was ice skates.

She sits up, wrapping the sheet around her naked body. At  
best, she's woozy. She talks to her bed mate.

REBECCA

Look, whoever-the-hell-you-are, I'm  
sure the earth moved for both of  
us. But now it's time to turn back  
into a pumpkin so please get out.

She notices a fresh bottle of bourbon on the dresser.

REBECCA

I'll have the continental  
breakfast...

She now leaves the bed, her body wrapped in the bed linen.  
As she walks, the sheet slides off the man's body. He  
doesn't move.

We follow her to the dresser. In the b.g. we see the living  
room of her suite and traces of what could be blood...  
Oblivious, Rebecca eyes her fresh bottle of Kentucky's  
finest. There's a sadness in her eyes, a surrender, as she  
addresses the bottle.

REBECCA

Morning, lover. I missed you.

She drinks hungrily.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. PRECINCT -- LATER THAT DAY

17

Nick's Caddy drives up.

18 INT. CADILLAC

18

Nick is in the driver's seat - swaddled up like Garbo to  
avoid the sun. Coat collar up, sunglasses, and old Cubs cap  
pulled down low over his eyes. He looks out warily - adjusts  
his collar tighter and quickly retracts his hand as SMOKE  
hisses off it. Beat. He looks out warily at:

THE PRECINCT DOOR - HIS POV - Maybe fifty, sunny feet away.  
He's not moving.

19 INT. PRECINCT

19

Schanke taps a pencil at his desk... rocking out to A RADIO playing whatever old hit we can afford to license. Something that drives. The Skank's into it... and suddenly out of it as Stonetree passes.

STONETREE

Isn't Knight here, yet?

SCHANKE

Uh.. on his way in. Be here any minute...

PASSING COP

His car's parked out front.

Schanke gives Stonetree a "see?" look and stands...

SCHANKE

We're outta here.

He goes to turn off the radio, just as the D.J. comes on.

RADIO D.J. (V.O.)

That was Bachman Turner  
Overdrive...

SCHANKE

Yes...Rock and roll!

RADIO D.J.

(FM-mellow)

... on C-LITE, your eeeasy  
listening station.

Schanke looks suddenly crestfallen. Looks to Stonetree.

STONETREE

Rock and roll.

Stonetree smiles and moves on.

20 EXT. PRECINCT

20

Schanke emerges. Crosses quickly to Nick's car... finding Nick hunched down in the passenger seat.

NICK

You drive.

SCHANKE

Gladly.

He crosses around, and climbs

21 INSIDE THE CADDIE

21

Schanke doesn't notice Nick right away. He's too preoccupied. Downright troubled.

SCHANKE

Question: would you ever consider Bachman Turner Overdrive "easy listening"?

NICK

Can we get out of here?

SCHANKE

(notices)

Nice outfit. You, uh, don't think you're overreacting a little to this ozone thing?

NICK

You said there was a body at the Royal Astor Hotel.

\*

Schanke starts the car.

SCHANKE

Day shift's swamped - it's armageddon in there.

(sniffs)

You been to a barbecue or something?

NICK

Drive.

SCHANKE

(puts car in gear)

Seriously. BTO. Easy listening? I think not...

Nick hunches down into the seat, as they drive off.

22 INT. STRETCH LIMO - DAY

22

A match cut to Nick's position. Rebecca huddles down in the back seat, wearing sunglasses, a high collar, and a hat. But she's not hiding from the sun. She's hiding from the prying eyes of...

\*

23 EXT. THE AUDITORIUM / PARKING ENTRANCE

23

HER FANS AND REPORTERS. Suddenly rising to their feet as HER LIMO approaches. Crowding the limo as it pulls through.



24 IN THE LIMO

24

Rebecca sinks lower, pushes the sunglasses up farther on her nose. Pulls off her bottle of bourbon, as her rabid admirers and detractors push against the windows. Surrounding her. Suffocating her....

FEMALE FAN

Rebecca! I love you!

A particularly scary MALE FAN pounds on the window.

MALE FAN

Die witch! I know you're in there!  
You can't hide from us!

REPORTER

Do you really want to kill your  
fans? Rebecca! Rebecca!

Rebecca sinks into her seat, as if trying to disappear.

25 EXT. AUDITORIUM / SIDE ENTRANCE

25

The stretch loses the crowd by quickly turning in an alley that leads to a side entrance. The car screeches to a halt.

Marty rushes to the car and opens the door. Rebecca staggers out... helped by a bodyguard who leaps out of the front seat.

TRACK WITH THEM as they head

26 INSIDE... Down a CORRIDOR.

26

MARTY

(tense sigh)

I see you've been embalming  
yourself again. Somebody call that  
Swedish facialist. And get a  
make-up man down here. Jeez,  
Rebecca - You've got four  
interviews this afternoon. Three  
on camera and you look like a  
zombie. - Not to mention you smell  
like a distillery. Give me that  
bottle. Scrap the sound check -  
you'll lip synch tonight. Do you  
live to make my life hell? Is it a  
plot? Somebody get some eye drops.  
Damn...

\*

\*

\*

27 INT. POSH HOTEL / CORRIDOR -- LATE DAY

27

TRACKING WITH NICK AND SCHANKE as they're lead down the hallway by the HOTEL MANAGER and an upset HOTEL MAID.

HOTEL MANAGER

Please understand, I want to cooperate fully, but I don't want to unnecessarily alarm our guests.

NICK

We'll be as discreet as possible and still do our job. Is this it?

They enter

28 THE HOTEL ROOM

28

CHAMBERMAID

Two days they didn't let me in to clean. Finally, they put the maid service sign on the door... I go in... and.....

She points to the guy on the bed. Just as we last saw him. Dead. Only now, NATALIE and a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER are giving him a bit of attention.

NATALIE

Stabbing. Nice, neat little rows. Weapon's on the floor over there.

Nick begins to go through the room. Reacts to the blood on the floor...

NICK

Do we know who he is?

HOTEL MANAGER

We didn't think we should touch anything.

SCHANKE

You thought right.

Nick pulls a wallet from a pair of men's jeans that are on the floor. Behind him, a Uniform rifles through a box marked 'costumes'.

NICK

Billy Conway. Is he registered in the hotel?

\*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

HOTEL MANAGER

I have no idea who he is or how he arrived. He's just... here.

SCHANKE

That's all you can tell us? You figure - what - He popped in at bedtime, ate the chocolate mints on the pillow and did a swan dive onto a bowie knife? \*

HOTEL MANAGER

Detective Shanky, this is our Criterion Floor. It is our staff policy not to question the private... predilections of our VIP guests.

SCHANKE

Even when that includes murder? I can see why this is a five-star crib.

NATALIE

He's been here at least twelve hours. No struggle. Can't tell you much more until I get him into the lab.

NICK

You say you tried to get into the room and couldn't?

CHAMBERMAID

I haven't changed the linens in two days. I tried. She never let nobody in. Not nobody.

NICK

I thought this room was registered to...

(reads from a notebook)

"Mr. Harrison Templeton".

HOTEL MANAGER

Our VIP guests often register under false names to protect their privacy.

NICK

Okay. Let's start at the top. Just whose room is this?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

NATALIE  
You guys don't know?

CUT TO:

29 INT. AUDITORIUM (ON STAGE) -- THAT NIGHT

29

Rebecca is performing. Her look is different from last night - different costume, wig - only the black trademark sunglasses are the same. Whatever you think of her offstage, she has undeniable sex appeal and charisma under the lights. Tough. Feral. Hot. THE CROWD pushes toward her and the stage. Angry. Charged. Into the weirdness of it all, as a line of cops holds them back.

\*

\*

REBECCA  
(sings)  
You've ruined my life.  
Stolen my soul.  
You pick at my flesh  
Swallow me whole -

\*

30 INTERCUT: THE WINGS - Marty worriedly watching his gold mine - a cop standing nearby.

30

REBECCA  
(sings)  
My nightmare is ending.  
It's your turn to cry.  
Only one dream now:

\*

She rips the face of her guitar off, revealing THE UZI underneath.

REBECCA  
(screams)  
MY FANS MUST DIE!!!

\*

And she opens fire on the crowd.

TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

31 INT. AUDITORIUM / BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

31

The concert echoes down the hallway as NICK AND SCHANKE flash their badges to a backstage guard and are admitted. WITH THEM as they tool down the corridor toward the backstage area, past the roadies and groupies, Schanke loving every minute of it.

SCHANKE

How about that, huh? The ultimate backstage pass. I'd have given my left butt cheek to have one of these in '66. When the Beatles kicked off their tour in Chicago - the International Amphitheatre. Now, that was a concert. I can still smell the patchoulie in the air...

\*

They come to a large double door that leads to the backstage wings. Another guard is posted here. And, again, the badges come out.

NICK

We're looking for Marty Benson.

From behind them...

MARTY (O.S.)

More cops? Man! Every damned town.

\*

Nick and Schanke turn to face the manager.

SCHANKE

Mr. Benson?

MARTY

Let's bottom line this, okay gentlemen? You want cash? House seats? I'd offer you a back-up singer, but it's politically incorrect and we could all be brought up on harassment charges.

NICK

Your client might be brought up on considerably more than that. We've just found a body in her hotel suite.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

A veteran of the road, Marty has heard everything. Until now. This is deep shit.

MARTY

A body? As in...

SCHANKE

Homicide. Murder one. The big chill.

MARTY

(beat, laughs)

This is a joke, right? You guys are from Geffin's office.

But a silent look at Nick and Schanke's expressions tells him that they're not.

NICK

We'd like to speak with Rebecca as soon as possible.

Marty snaps into gear. Instant damage-control.

MARTY

Absolutely. We'll do everything we can to cooperate. But let's keep the press out of this, okay? She'll be offstage in a minute.

32 ON STAGE

32

REBECCA, in yet another costume, different wig and clothes - same black sunglasses, is wailing on a guitar... face to face with her guitar lead. A big, Metallica-like finish to a song. (To be pre-recorded by Mollin & Co.) \*

33 IN THE WINGS

33

Nick and Schanke take up positions next to a couple of attractive female make-up and wardrobe assistants. All nodding to the throb. All in their early twenties.

Schanke sidles up to one YOUNG WOMAN... bobbing his head to the beat.

SCHANKE

She really cooks.

The Woman turns to him. Who is this guy?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

SCHANKE

Saw Bachman Turner Overdrive here a few years ago.

The woman's eyes show not a glimmer of recognition.

SCHANKE

Y'know... BTO?

(sings)

"Takin' care of business... Workin' overtime..."

The girl's eyes suddenly light in recognition, much to Schanke's relief.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh... yeah. I think my Dad has that album.

Shattered. Absolutely poleaxed. Schanke heads back to Nick's side.

NICK

(smiles)

Feeling your age, Skank?

SCHANKE

Never. Fighting it all the way. You think Mick Jagger ever feels old?

NICK

I know sometimes I sure as hell do.

They turn back to the stage as

34 REBECCA finishes the song. Gets a BLAST OF APPLAUSE. A deafening roar... and some boos...

34\*

REBECCA

(to crowd)

You're out there, right?

\*

She cups her hand over her eyes and looks into the crowd.

REBECCA'S POV - The spotlight is shining directly into her eyes, blinding her.

\*

REBECCA

I mean, I hear you, but I can't see a damned thing through these lights. Hell, I'm so drunk it's a miracle I can see anything.

\*

35 IN THE WINGS - NICK 35

as he becomes interested, studying her. We hear the CHEERS.

REBECCA  
(echoing over)  
Are you there?

\*

36 INTERCUT - THE STAGE - REBECCA 36\*

And MORE CHEERS from the throngs.

REBECCA  
They tell me there's about forty  
thousand of you clowns out there.  
All here to see me. So how come I  
feel like I'm all alone?

\*

THE WINGS - NICK

On his face - empathy.

And, as if on cue - actually, that's exactly what it is -

REBECCA launches into a HAUNTING, SLOW NUMBER about  
loneliness. (Mollin & Co. working on this, as well).

\*

ON NICK - the hypnotic lyrics touching him. Speaking to him.  
He turns to:

A TV MONITOR in the wings - a closed circuit image of  
Rebecca as she sings live on stage. PUSH SLOWLY to the  
monitor, until it's full-screen.... then

\*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

37 EXT. DREAM STREET - NIGHT 37

NICK standing in the middle of a deserted street in the  
middle of the night, watching Rebecca sing on a monitor in  
a store window.

\*

Nick turns away from the window... the MUSIC CONTINUING  
(like our own video)... and starts slowly down the street.  
The song will be about separation... about loneliness...  
about feeling distant and removed from life. Just as  
Rebecca and Nick are.

\*

Something catches Nick's eye in

ANOTHER STORE WINDOW. Another monitor. On it, a scene from  
real life - the mortal world. Nick crosses, presses his  
nose to the glass as he watches:



- 38 EXT. PARK 38
- A father teaches his small son to swing a baseball bat. It's a bright sunny day. The scene is warm, and familiar. Sweet... and there's a longing in Nick's eyes, as he watches. Then... both the father and son look up at him. Like he doesn't belong there. An intruder.
- 39 RESUME STREET 39
- NICK backs away from the window... and continues down the street... pausing at
- YET ANOTHER STORE WINDOW. Another MONITOR: Peers inside to see:
- 40 EXT. HOUSE / BACK YARD 40
- A BIRTHDAY PARTY is in full swing. A cake delivered to the twenty something guy who's the birthdayee. Beer drinking. Barbecue eating. Laughing. A scene straight out of a Miller commercial - it doesn't get any better than this. And then... they all turn to:
- 41 NICK AT THE WINDOW 41
- Make him feel like a voyeur. A peeping Tom seeing what he's not supposed to be seeing. An outsider. They stare at him until he moves on to:
- 42 A FINAL STORE WINDOW 42
- Final MONITOR This one contains:
- 43 A BRIGHT, SUNNY BEACH 43
- Two lovers strolling on the sand. Kissing... walking with their arms around each other's waist. They look accusingly at Nick as they pass. Then continue down to the water, silhouetted by the rising sun. THE SUN - bright and hot.
- NICK squints - the light in his eyes - but not in pain... rather, in longing. Longing for the daylight... for the life on the other side of the window glass...
- MATCH CUT TO:
- 44 NICK - IN THE WINGS 44
- As the glare of a spotlight rakes across his face, bringing him back to the real world.

45 REBECCA finishes her song... and is met by that HOLLOW ROAR of her fan animal. Stands out on the stage in the spotlight... so small... so alone...

45\*

SCHANKE

Is that the life or what? Work two hours, make ten zillion dollars and the whole world worships you. We work our asses off forty hours a day for zippo bucks and we're treated like astro-turf.

(shakes his head)

She's got it made all right. What do you think it's like up there?

NICK

(a beat)

Lonely.

Hold... then CUT HARD TO:

46 INT. BACK STAGE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

46

TRACKING WITH REBECCA (exhausted, edgy, a towel around her shoulders like a boxer) as she heads back to her dressing room, surrounded by staff and well-wishers. It's a zoo. People ad libbing "Great show...", etc. Marty side-by-side with his golden goose, looking worried. Nick and Schanke trail...

\*

REBECCA

Marty, my stage monitors...again. They still didn't get it right - I'm singing in a vacuum. I have to be able to hear myself...

\*

MARTY

I was all over the mixers - they got it covered for tomorrow night, I promise. Ah - There are two guys here...

REBECCA

(sighs; to bodyguard)

Were you the one babysitting my bottle?

\*

A bodyguard hands her a flask of bourbon. She swigs. A P.R. woman waves a stack of 8x10 glossies.

P.R. WOMAN

Excuse me, Rebecca? I need you to sign these 8x10's and then I need you to do some pictures for the local staff...

\*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

REBECCA

Sure that's all you need? What can I say?

MARTY

(to P.R. woman)

Later, okay? Later.

(to Rebecca)

There are two guys here who you have to meet.

They wind into:

47 HER DRESSING AREA

47

Large and well appointed. Flowers, a dressing table, couches... and a masseuse waiting with a massage table.

REBECCA

Thank God for Eric and his magic fingers.

MARTY

Not yet, R.B. Eric magic fingers? - Out. Everybody...out.

(turns to Nick and Skank)

Gentlemen?

And, as the dressing room clears out... Nick and Schanke step in.

Rebecca gives them the once over.

REBECCA

Don't tell me...

(re: Schanke)

Life insurance... used car sales...?

(re: Nick -

intrigued;beat)

I have no idea... but it might be fun to find out.

Nick pulls out his badge.

REBECCA

Not another arrest for lewd behaviour - Marty, the label said they'd take care of this.

She sits at her make-up table, relief as she pulls off the wig, shakes out her hair.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MARTY  
It's not what you think, honey.

SCHANKE  
We're homicide detectives.

REBECCA  
Dicks, huh? Hmmm.

NICK  
You spent last night with a man,  
Billy Conway?

REBECCA  
The whole night?  
(beat)  
What was his name again?

NICK  
Billy Conway.

REBECCA  
Never heard of him - which, I  
guess, doesn't mean it wasn't  
meaningful for both of us.

SCHANKE  
Do you remember leaving him in your  
room dead?

REBECCA  
He was dead? No wonder I  
didn't...crescendo.

But then she looks in the mirror and her smirk fades as she  
sees...

REBECCA  
You're serious, aren't you?

NICK  
Maybe it's time for you to get  
serious, too. Down at the precinct  
station.

MARTY  
This is just a question and  
answer - no charges - no press. The  
label's gonna have a lawyer  
present.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

REBECCA

(beat)

Well, I guess all that's left is  
for you to say 'when'.

(beat)

As usual, I'm completely at  
anyone's disposal.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

48 INT. MORGUE -- SHORTLY THEREAFTER

48

Natalie is examining Conway's body, flanked by Nick and Schanke.

NATALIE  
So, come on. Dish. What's  
Rebecca really like?

\*

NICK  
Confused.

SCHANKE  
Oh, please. Try arrogant and  
homicidal.

NICK  
You're that sure she's guilty?

SCHANKE  
"My Fans Must Die"? She spelled it  
all out on video.

NICK  
Too easy. Too obvious.

SCHANKE  
It was her private hotel suite.  
The maid specifically said no one  
else got in there but her.

NICK  
He wanted to be there. There was  
no sign of a struggle.

SCHANKE  
So she lured him with sex and  
snuffed him in his sleep. End of  
story.

NATALIE  
That covers proximity. What about  
motive?

SCHANKE  
Publicity.

NICK  
Her manager made it clear he'll do  
anything to keep this quiet. I  
don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SCHANKE

Okay then, curiosity. A new thrill - Maybe she liked making the video so much she wanted to act it out for real.

NATALIE

Doesn't wash. Too many inconsistencies. In the video, she's left-handed. These wounds all came in from the right.

SCHANKE

(troubled)

So you, uh... you really know that video? You've seen it before?

NATALIE

It's all over the music channels. Have to be pretty out of touch to miss it.

Schanke looks crestfallen. Natalie trades a little smile with Nick - are they in on this together?

SCHANKE

(beat, recovers)

Yeah, well, we'll be sure to get you an autograph while she's being booked.

49 EXT. PRECINCT -- LATER THAT NIGHT

49

A police car pulls up with Rebecca aboard. The word has gotten out: There are fans everywhere. Some angry, some adoring, all obsessed. Nick is there to help her out of the car. She seems so small. So withdrawn as they push their way into the precinct.

\*

50 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

50

Lawyers present. Tape rolling.

NICK

The name Billy Conway means nothing to you?

\*

She opens her mouth, shaking her head, but -

LAWYER

She doesn't have to answer that.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

She closes her mouth. Schanke holds up an evidence bag containing the bloody knife.

SCHANKE  
Can you explain why your fingerprints were all over this knife?

LAWYER  
My client will not...

REBECCA  
It's a stage prop. I use it every night.

NICK  
For what purpose?

REBECCA  
...Entertainment.

NICK  
How did you entertain Billy Conway?

REBECCA  
(fidgety)  
...He died smiling.

STONETREE  
Miss, what are you saying?

REBECCA  
- Man, it's a joke.

LAWYER  
Yes, and so's this interrogation. I'm not going to let my client answer these questions. I want to strike everything that's been said to this point... and if you persist in this harassment...

STONETREE  
I think we get the picture - we'll try to be... more focused. Gentlemen?

SCHANKE  
What exactly do you remember about last night?

(CONTINUED)



50 CONTINUED:

50

REBECCA

\*

Nothing. Like every night. I  
drink too much. But I know I'm not  
a killer.

NICK

Can you remember where you were  
between two and three AM?

REBECCA

\*

I dunno. Probably a club...  
clubs...

NICK

The names of those clubs?

REBECCA

\*

I have hard enough time remembering  
the name of the city I'm in.

SCHANKE

Can you prove you were at a club?  
Any witnesses?

REBECCA

\*

Can you prove it to me? I told  
you. I was pie-eyed.

SCHANKE

But not too 'pie-eyed' to invite  
Billy Conway back to your hotel  
suite -

\*

LAWYER

You're leading her...

REBECCA

\*

Look, I mean it. I'm not jerking  
you around. I can't remember.

(beat; it's getting to  
her)

Witnesses, jeez...even if I had any  
idea of where to tell you to  
look... No one'd be able to tell  
you they saw me - The point of  
going out is to have a good time -  
and that means not being  
recognized. Means not being...me...

She trails off, her facade seeming to weaken for a moment,  
weary.

REBECCA

\*

What else do you want me to say?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SCHANKE

Here's a novel approach - the truth?

LAWYER

Rebecca, do not say another word.

REBECCA

But he just -

LAWYER

No. We'll handle it from here. We're exercising your rights.

REBECCA

Well, it seems if they're my rights -

LAWYER

- I said no.

She glares at him.

NICK

Schanke.

Nick motions Schanke to walk outside. We FOLLOW them into the hall.

51 INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

51

Nick closes the door behind them

SCHANKE

Case closed. She's laughing at us. She stabbed the victim... and her lawyers know it.

NICK

She was blind drunk and we both heard Nat say the wounds were very neat - "neat little rows".

\*  
\*

SCHANKE

No-no-no. Don't tell me you're buying that "I don't recall" routine -

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

NICK

I'm not buying anything. It just strikes me that a person would make a little more of an effort to come up with an alibi if they were guilty.

SCHANKE

Yes. A person from the real world would. But that's not who we're dealing with here. She's not a person from the real world and she doesn't think she has to play by our rules.

(beat)

I will bet you my entire album library of 'Schanke's Favorite Hits'...that I'm right.

NICK

She's not a killer...

Stonetree's voice interrupts them.

STONETREE

Tell 'em to get a holding cell ready downstairs.

Nick and Schanke look at him... wondering what the hell...? Stonetree provides the answer.

STONETREE

(to Schanke)

Your collection of eight-tracks is safe.

(beat; to both)

Rebecca just confessed.

\*

As he goes back in, we move in on Nick's reaction....

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

52 EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

52

HIGH AND TIGHT ON THE DOOR

Commotion. Fans. POP POP of flashbulbs. Nick and Schanke elbow their way through the throng. As Schanke turns to make room for the door, an envelope is thrust at Nick.

ON NICK

As he turns - sees the letter. Hesitates.

A sullen-looking skinhead, HENRY, late 20s, holds it out, insistent.

As Schanke gets the door open behind him, Nick sees that taking the letter would be the fastest way to deal with it. He does. They disappear inside.

53 INT. PRECINCT - DUTY ROOM - NIGHT

53\*

THE PHONE

As we travel up the coil to INCLUDE STONETREE, flustered, harassed...

STONETREE

(into phone)

It's an arraignment for murder -  
not a damn photo opportunity!

(beat)

I don't care who she is -

Nick and Schanke come in.

NICK

Long day. Longer night.

He waves the letter. Stonetree places his hand over the receiver. His look says 'what is it?'.

NICK

Addressed to 'Whoever's in charge'.

Stonetree looks at it. Huh? Just then there is a muffled SCRAMBLE OF WORDS from the temporarily forgotten receiver. He barely glances at it before hanging up, his attention now on the letter in his other hand.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

STONETREE  
What's this?

SCHANKE  
Fan mail?

Stonetree rips it open and pulls out -

NICK  
Polaroids.

POLAROIDS, sneakily taken, of a woman in white sunglasses,  
dancing in a club. (If Rebecca has blonde curly hair, this  
is a straight redhead. If Rebecca has brown hair, this is a  
blonde)

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK  
No note, no nothing?

Stonetree turns the envelope upside down. Empty. They all  
look at one another. puzzled.

STONETREE  
What am I supposed to do - frame  
'em?

NICK  
It obviously means something...

STONETREE  
Like what?

SCHANKE  
(beat)  
Know what I think? I think I'm  
overdue for tuck-in time at pillow  
ranch.

Stonetree tosses the pictures to one side and picks up his  
coffee cup.

STONETREE  
Someone obviously thinks we don't  
have enough important things to  
do.

He drains his cup and carries it to the door. Schanke is  
already on his way out but Nick lags. Beat. He picks up one  
of the polaroids, frowns at it.

54 INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

54

Nick rounds the corner just as Schanke ducks back inside, pinching out the NOISE from without.

SCHANKE

On second thought, maybe I'll take the long way around -

NICK

Rebecca fans still camped out? \*

SCHANKE

Word's out bigtime. - By sun-up it's gonna be Woodstock out there.

NICK

(he was there)  
Woodstock...

Off his tone, Schanke gives him a look. Stops.

SCHANKE

Yeah. Woodstock.

Nick gives him an innocent look. Schanke is suspicious.

SCHANKE

You were there?

Nick shrugs.

SCHANKE

(dime-slot eyes)

Sure.

(beat)

Right. In macrame'd diapers. And Janis Joplin sang you a lullaby. - You're full of it, Knight.

He turns and continues in the other direction as Nick, fishing for his keys, retrieves the pocketed polaroid instead.

NICK

(sotto; distracted)

Actually, I was with The Grateful Dead...

As Schanke punches out through the far door, Nick stares off and

WE MOVE IN on the polaroid as a tremendous THUMP THUMP THUMP begins...

55 INT. BACKSTAGE AREA (FANTASY SEQUENCE)

55

Continuing as...THE LIGHT COMES ON. PULL BACK. Nick is sitting at a dressing table bathed in the light from surrounding bulbs. Disoriented, he notices his strange clothes, shields his eyes. Suddenly -

LACROIX is there. Hip. In charge and ALL ACCESS.. He swivels to face Lacroix, who stares at him with an electric gleam in his eyes.

\*  
\*  
\*

LACROIX  
Come on, Nicolas.  
(beat;evil smile)  
Time to rock.

On Nick's frown, ZOOM IN as -

LACROIX'S VOICE  
There's no escaping your fans.  
(lusty)  
You soul's been sold-out for weeks  
in twenty-three cities.

ZOOM OUT

On Nick. He recoils as the vanity bulbs explode like firecrackers. He unfolds, squinting...THUMP THUMP THUMP... CONCERT WALLA...from somewhere behind him, a DRUM.BEAT...the WAIL OF FEEDBACK through amps.

\*  
\*

NICK'S POV

Suddenly he's on stage, but he can't see a thing through the hazy atmosphere - Maybe some faces near the stage. But they sound huge out there - A stadium full.

\*

WHAM - another light comes on. Almost knocks him backwards. Then CHEERING.

His face snaps downward - a guitar hangs in front of him. How did it get there? A microphone in front of him - He grabs it, desperately. Frozen. Mocked. Beat. His face twists in an agonizing grimace. He bares his fangs like a cornered animal. The first strains of "Fan Kill" - HIS OWN VOICE SINGING THE WORDS (TAPE) fills the air. Angry faces. WE PAN past them, JEERING, BOOING, isolated screams of "KILL THE VAMPIRE".

Nick's head falls back and his eyes roll back in his head - slowly he begins to levitate as the song builds, lyric after angry, resentful lyric -

The faces near the stage recoil in horror. SCREAMING... Except for one face. One calm face. A woman in the sunglasses. She smiles and begins to back away.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

NICK reacts to her, seeing her, confused by her.

(CONTINUED)



- 55 CONTINUED: 55  
His eyes fade and his fangs retract.  
She is swallowed up by the crowd.
- 56 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT 56\*  
Nick snaps upright on the couch where he's been sleeping. \*  
Behind him the TV screen has gone all static. \*  
Beat. A moment to get his bearings, shake it off - \*  
\*
- 57 IN THE DINING AREA 57\*  
Nick approaches. His jacket swooshes past as he grabs it,  
thrusts his hand in the pocket. Where is it?  
ON THE TABLE: the polaroid. He stares at it - then looks  
towards the window.
- 58 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 58  
VAMP CAM POV of the city as Nick flies -
- 59 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT 59  
Nick comes towards us. Removes the yellow tape across the  
door of room 2066.
- 60 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 60  
Crime scene. Just as we left it. He looks around.  
NICK'S POV  
The empty bottle of bourbon...a discarded shoe...rumpled  
sheets...a leather tour jacket on the floor...the doorway to  
the next room...WE MOVE TOWARDS IT and come upon the box of  
costumes...  
Nick stops. Beat. He reaches in, searching, pulling things  
out until he finds -  
A WIG Long straight blonde (or red or brown or whatever) -  
and something which falls from the tangled hair.  
He stoops to retrieve THE BLACK SUNGLASSES.  
ON NICK. His reaction.

61 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

61

Schanke with headphones on. His eyes squeezed shut as he tries his damndest to groove to the sounds of

METALLICA

The CD sits on his desk, next to the Discman. Scattered around, an assortment of other CD's that haven't made it back into their cases.

He can't take it any more - He rips off the headphones with a tortured GROAN.

SCHANKE

I don't get it! I don't get it,  
okay? I give!

Stonetree brushes past.

STONETREE

Ready for that Neil Diamond CD in  
my office?

SCHANKE

No. No. It's okay. I'm fine.  
Fine. - That's only in case of an  
emergency. I'm fine.

He takes a deep breath, lifts the headphones towards his ears - THE PHONE RINGS.

SCHANKE

I'll get it!  
(answering)  
Yo!

62 INTERCUT - HOTEL ROOM - NICK

62

NICK

Schanke, It's Nick. Those polaroids  
the Captain got this morning - They  
still on his desk?

INTERCUT - PRECINCT - SCHANKE

SCHANKE

I guess so. Unless they've already  
been 'circular filed'.

63 INTERCUT - HOTEL ROOM - NICK

63

NICK

I need you to check it out. I think the woman in the pictures was Rebecca - disguised. - That someone was trying to provide an alibi for her.

\*

SCHANKE'S VOICE

(beat)

Okaaaay...Even if you're right, why would this be relevant?

NICK

Polaroids take a long time to develop completely - as long as a year sometimes. Get them to a lab and have them analysed. See if we can get an estimated time of exposure.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

...You haven't answered the fundamental question. I mean - the woman has already confessed.

NICK

It's relevant if it proves her innocence. - Tell Natalie to reopen the forensics.

He hangs up. Stares off at --

A "REBECCA - LIVE" TOUR POSTER comes INTO FOCUS. It's tacked carelessly to the wall. GENTLE STRAINS OF FOLK GUITAR OVER as we...

\*

64 INT. PRECINCT - LOCK-UP - NIGHT

64

FINGERS moving lightly over the strings. A soft ballad. We're with Rebecca in the dimness of her cell. She slouches in the farthest corner, bent over the guitar, playing to herself softly, almost inaudibly. This isn't a performance - it's just for her. She HUMS along, almost a whisper. Very alone...tilts her head up, closed eyes: very content.

\*

The spell is broken by the CLANK of her cell being opened. She comes out of her reverie to find -

NICK

Standing in her cell. She stops playing. Stares at him. Slowly stands...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

NICK  
So there really is music underneath  
all the mechanics.

She puts the guitar down. Seems like she's about to cop an  
attitude - yet stops short.

REBECCA  
Guy was in here earlier for busking  
without a permit. Traded my  
sunglasses for it.

NICK  
Sounded good. New song?

He's sincere.

REBECCA  
...Yeah. 'Course it'll never make  
it on the album. Isn't about sex.

They regard one another for a long moment.

NICK  
So...Not giving the guards any  
trouble, I hope - no special  
requests involving red M'n'Ms...

REBECCA  
I was thinking of asking if they  
could maybe use a better quality of  
mashed potato flakes - but I'm  
trying to be a good girl.

NICK  
A good girl, huh? Careful or you'll  
tarnish your image.

Beat. She looks away, an ironic smile.

REBECCA  
(softly)  
I couldn't tarnish, bend, fold  
spindle or mutilate my 'image'...if  
my life depended on it.

NICK  
Does your life depend on it?

They look at each other for a long moment. Then something in  
her gives. She turns away, leans her forehead against the  
bars, eyes closed for a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

REBECCA

...So you liked that song...

\*

NICK

Very much.

She considers, thinking.

REBECCA

The acoustics in here are actually pretty good...

(beat)

Maybe it's because there aren't a lot of people - absorbing the sound...

\*

NICK

You should see it on new year's eve.

Beat. She turns.

REBECCA

With any luck I will.

\*

He looks at her a long moment.

NICK

You like it in here that much.

REBECCA

Any idea what it's like to watch yourself get slowly immortalized? To watch the life slowly being sucked out of you...the stuff that makes you real - Gone? And you can fight it - all you want - but there's really nothing you can do once it gets going. It's just too powerful. Too seductive...

(beat)

When I was little I wanted to be famous. Can you imagine - wanting...I mean, I know it as a fact but...

(beat;shakes her head;quietly)

Be careful what you wish for...

\*

NICK

(quietly)

I know exactly what you mean.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Silence. There is gratitude in her eyes. A connection.  
Then suddenly -

MARTY'S VOICE  
That's it, Babe. Joke's over.

Nick snaps around to see --

MARTY, with two uniforms and an army of suits. One of them  
whips out a small camera and - FLASH. Rebecca shrinks back.

MARTY  
(high)  
We're taking you home, sweetheart.

A uniform opens the cell and they all swarm in. The  
commotion, the 'machine' has officially been jump-started.

REBECCA  
What are you talking about? Even  
you can't just take a criminal  
'home'.

MARTY  
Right. How 'bout in future you let  
Nadine take care of the publicity.  
This could'a backfired on you, you  
know -

He takes her by the arm.

MARTY  
We're gonna get you cleaned up. You  
go on in two hours.

He doesn't see, nor care about the expression on her face.  
Instead, he spots Nick.

MARTY  
(to Rebecca;re Nick)  
This very wise man here, to whom we  
are eternally grateful, had the  
investigation reopened. You can  
thank him for your walking papers.

Rebecca reacts to this. Betrayal. Their eyes meet. There is  
a flash of regret in Nick's.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

MARTY  
(to general:re;Nick)  
Sherlock Holmes. The real thing.

Marty pumps his hand. Slaps it.

MARTY  
Please come to the show tonight.  
Comps for the whole department.  
We'll get Nadine to send 'em over.

With that, the anxious tide sucks itself back out of the tiny cell, washing Rebecca away with it. She doesn't even look back.

As the last sound of the retreat ECHOES, Nick is alone. He picks up her guitar. Stares at it. And feels really bad.

A faraway look comes into Nick's eyes as he stares up at THE BARE BULB hanging from the ceiling (or whatever kind of safe/ institutional lighting cells have)...

The light flares a little brighter and we're in -

65 INT. PRISON CELL (FANTASY)

65\*

Lacroix, his policeman's uniform and mocking face swim in the downward arc of the light, falling away to blackness behind and around him.

KEYS in his hand. Dangling them.

LACROIX  
Congratulations. You're being released.

NICK in inmate grey - reaches for them - but Lacroix snatches them away.

LACROIX  
(purring)  
As long as you're sure you want to be released, that is...Remember it's a mad, mad world out there.

MOVE IN on NICK...

LACROIX'S VOICE  
(continuing)  
Full of pain and suffering...  
Rejection, discrimination,  
persecution, prostitution... and  
loss.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

But Nick is resolute.

\*

NICK

\*

I'm sure.

\*

Beat.

\*

Lacroix begins to LAUGH. Harder...until pink tears roll down his face, doubling over...WE MOVE past Nick's shoulder, TILTING DOWN to follow Lacroix as his mirth takes him to his knees.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)



65 CONTINUED: 65

Nick stares hard at him. Lacroix calms himself and looks up at Nick, face full of love and pity. \*

LACROIX  
...I'm so sorry, Nicolas. It was  
all a joke. There is no release. \*

His lips curl back and expose his fangs. \*

66 OMITTED 66\*

67 INT. REBECCA'S LIMO - NIGHT 67\*

A forest of HANDS against the window, slapping, reaching. The MUFFLED SOUNDS of the crowd...PAN TO Rebecca sitting alone and small, staring straight ahead. Expressionless. We hold on her...what is she thinking? Nothing. She's given up the fight. \*

68 EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 68

MOVING WITH Rebecca as she is led, zombie-like, through the swarm of disembodied arms reaching out for her, pushed back by her entourage. \*

AT THE STAGE DOOR

A microphone is thrust in front of her. The Jockette's face is one of animated zeal.

Rebecca's eyes, seeming to focus for the first time, stare at the mike - then at her. A rage flickers across her face. \*

JOCKETTE  
Looking forward to a great show,  
Rebecca! Any pre-concert words for  
your fans? \*

REBECCA  
Yeah. \*

She turns to look directly into the camera and sneers -

69 INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 69

ON TV

Rebecca looking directly out from the screen. \*

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

REBECCA  
(on screen)  
Go worship the life out of somebody  
else.

\*

We're in a room We PULL BACK to reveal skinhead Henry...

The cramped corner of this obscure night-job locale is a  
perverse shrine to Rebecca. Her pictures adorn the walls,  
the pipes - Some are ripped, some crumpled, some have  
slashes drawn across her face.

\*

Henry is strapping on a Mac - 10.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

70 EXT. AUDITORIUM - ENTRANCE GATE - NIGHT

70

Doors are open. Fans excitedly pour in, psyched for a hot concert. A HAWKER walks THRU FRAME.

HAWKER

Tour books. T-shirts. Buy a piece of Rebecca. Take her home. Tour books...

Henry is among those in the crowd. His face is hard. He's on a mission.

A TEENAGE COUPLE bump into him. His jacket opens. For a split second we see the Mac-10. No one else sees it. He carefully closes his jacket and surrenders his ticket. \*

Henry disappears into the crowd.

71 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

71

ABUZZ. Again. We MOVE with Nick as he crosses to Stonetree's office.

72 INT. DUTY ROOM - NIGHT

72

Stonetree finishes erasing the board as Nick enters.

STONETREE

It's starting up again. She's out of jail a half hour and traffic is screwed up all over downtown.

NICK

Right. And we've still got a homicide to solve.

Stonetree tosses him a file.

STONETREE

Natalie's report.

Nick opens it. Nods.

NICK

The blood on the knife. She didn't match either type. \*

\*

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

STONETREE

That's what finally cleared her -  
Though the polaroids alone would've  
made a pretty good case as it is.

Nick closes the file.

NICK

Now all we have to do is start at  
the beginning again.

(to himself)

Let's just hope whoever killed  
Billy Conway isn't a threat to  
her.

\*

He clicks on the TV, where the 'Fan kill' video is playing.

73 ON SCREEN

73

The video ends and the Jockette comes on.

JOCKETTE

An hour to showtime and Rebecca's  
already stirring up controversy. A  
letter to this music channel,  
addressed to 'Whoever's in Charge'  
promises to vindicate her fans once  
and for all -

\*

74 RESUME SCENE

74

Nick comes to attention, a sudden realization on his face.  
Stonetree has the same thought. They look at one another.

NICK

Whoever's in charge -

STONETREE

The polaroid photographer.

He wastes not a second more. Hits the intercom.

STONETREE

Get Schanke in here.

STEVE

(thru intercom)

He's left, Captain. Went to the  
concert.

NICK

The concert? With security?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

STEVE  
(thru intercom)  
With comps and a backstage pass.

They look at one another.

75 INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

75

Rebecca sits in front of her mirror. Staring at herself.

Beat.

The door opens softly behind her. She looks up.

It's Wendy.

WENDY

Hi.

REBECCA

Hi.

WENDY

You okay?

Rebecca doesn't answer, just looks away. Wendy stares at her, comes in and rubs her shoulders.

76 EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

76

Nick flies through the night, towards the auditorium.

77 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

77

CLOSE ON Henry as he moves through the crowd, checking his position in relation to the stage, shifting for a better vantage...

78 EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

78

Nick arrives. He pushes past the crowds waiting to get in and makes his way to STAGE DOOR. A bouncer halts him.

BOUNCER

Pass?

Nick doesn't have one. Instead, he bores a look into the bouncer's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

NICK  
(hypnotically)  
I'm with the band.

The Bouncer nods, slowly and stands aside to admit Nick.

79 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

79

Marty is in a flurry.

MARTY  
Where is she. Where the hell is  
she?

Bree comes up, out of breath.

BREE  
It's okay Marty! She's in her  
dressing room. Val said Kooch just  
saw her.

MARTY  
(relief)  
Oh thank god. And thank you Bree.

He turns and bumps right into Schanke who stands there with  
a big grin on his face, beside the Young Woman from before.

SCHANKE  
Marty! Dude.  
(to the Young Woman)  
Close personal friend. Way back.  
(to Marty)  
What's happenin', man? \*

MARTY  
What? - oh. Fine. Make yourselves  
at home.

SCHANKE  
(sotto)  
Where'd they move that cheese  
table?

Nick appears.

SCHANKE  
Hey man. Welcome to the inner  
sanctum.  
(displaying the REBECCA  
pass on his lapel)  
Where's your proof of V.I.P.osity?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

He gives Schanke a look. He's not here to party.

NICK

I think Rebecca's in danger.

\*

Off Schanke's look we

80 INTERCUT - AUDITORIUM

80

The house lights dim...BAM....BAM....BAM....stage lights  
come on. A CHEER begins to build in the audience. BACKSTAGE

Concern on Nick's face as

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(echoing above the  
cheers)

Hey Ho Toronto! Put your hands  
together for Black Sheep Records'  
number one recording artist -  
REBECCA!

\*

\*

The MUSIC begins.

81 OPPOSITE WING/HAND HELD

81

It's pretty dark. We're behind Rebecca with Bree and Cheryl  
as they cast nervously around. (Though we can't see  
Rebecca from the front, we can tell she's in yet another  
outrageous costume - ready with the prop guitar/uzi).

\*

\*

CHERYL

(shouting above the  
music)

Where the hell is Wendy?

BREE

Who cares. It's tape tonight  
anyway.

The SONG STARTS and Rebecca launches herself onto the  
stage. Beat. On cue - Cheryl and Bree follow.

\*

82 IN AUDITORIUM

82

CHEERS as the three girls spread over the stage, singing.

HENRY is expressionless amongst the bopping fans surrounding  
him. He stares at the stage...we TILT DOWN to see him undo  
one button of his jacket.

83 INTERCUT: WINGS

Nick and Schanke arrive. Too late - she's already on. Nick moves as close to the edge of the stage as possible. He positions himself so he can see out over the crowd.

NICK'S POV

Blackness, the flare of bright lights. - Then NIGHT VISION snaps of small sections of audience...including Henry - going past - and then snapping back. ZOOM IN on him and see his angry face as he slowly withdraws the gun...(Maybe intercut here with Nick's memory of Henry outside the precinct. note: Shoot a Nick POV of Henry at precinct) NICK reacts instantly. Pulls Schanke to follow.

ON STAGE

Rebecca wailing out her incredibly antagonistic lyrics.

THE CROWD/HAND HELD

Nick and Schanke plow their way through. They can barely move -- or hear each other.

NICK'S POV -- HENRY

Nick's keen vision zeroes in on Henry. Just steps away from him, Nick sees Henry pull out the mac-10.

NICK  
(shouting)  
He's got a gun!

SCHANKE  
(gun drawn; top of his  
lungs)  
Everybody down!

ON STAGE - REBECCA rips off the facade of her guitar and aims at the audience as the words "My Fans Must Die" blast over -

HENRY -- SLOW MOTION aims his gun, points at the stage.

Schanke looking - can't find his shot...Can't take him out. Not clear to fire -

ON STAGE -- SLOW MOTION

Rebecca and the girls gyrating in the heat of the music.

THE GUN --

Boom! A hail of bullets.

(CONTINUED)



83 CONTINUED:

83

THE CROWD -- Goes nuts.

THE STAGE --

as Rebecca goes down. As the singers behind her go down -

NICK is on Henry, tackling him, sending the gun flying. He hauls him to his feet amidst the pandemonium and Schanke takes over with the cuffs.

NICK manages to push through the crowd to the stage. Uniformed cops hold the crowd back. Nick jumps on stage. ON STAGE Nick runs to where Rebecca is lying and bends over her - he looks...something in his expression changes...

Beat. He looks around...takes off his jacket and covers her, then picks her up and carries her hurriedly offstage.

84 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

84

Nick and Natalie stare at the body on the table.

NICK

Just keep her covered up.

NATALIE

Nick, I don't know how long I can sit on this -

NICK

Just buy me some time. Go slow on the autopsy - find something 'unusual' and tell 'em you need another day for test...

They look at each other.

NICK

We believe in long-shots, don't we?

85 INT. THE AUDITORIUM

85

Beat. The CLANK of a door, ECHOING....Nick at the threshold.

HIS POV: A huge empty shell of a stadium.

86 BACKSTAGE

86

Just as deserted. Nick walks. Searches? What is he doing there? What is his mission? He walks in silence. Suddenly... A sound.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

SFX: A FAINT HEARTBEAT At first Nick barely hears it. His vampire hearing zones in. The pulsing rhythm grows steadily louder. Nick is on to something. Encouraged, he walks faster, following the sound to its source to a door - The heartbeat grows STRONGER.

87 IN THE DRESSING ROOM

87

Nick flings open the door. Empty.

NICK  
(under his breath)  
You're in here somewhere...

He focuses on the heartbeat. Allows it to lead. He stops.  
He is directly in front of:

88 A STORAGE CLOSET

88

The door is locked. Nick gathers his unearthly strength and rips open the door.

NICK'S FACE

His reaction as

REBECCA looks up. She's crouched on the floor, tied up tightly. She starts to sob when she sees him. \*

REBECCA  
Wendy - \*

NICK  
I know.

He bends to untie her. \*

REBECCA  
How could anyone want to be me? \*  
...How could anyone? \*

On his face as he just holds her. \*

TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

TAG

FADE IN:

89 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

89

EXTREME LOW ANGLE

As Nick's Caddie pulls up and stops. Beat. As the door opens and a pair of scuffed cowboy boots get out the passenger side, and as a knapsack then a battered guitar case lands in the gravel beside it, WE HEAR OVER...

MARTY'S VOICE

Here's the deal: We notify the three back-up singers' families about their deaths. When we release the official statement to the press we tell them...

(beat)

that Rebecca's dead.

\*

AD LIBBED confusion, outrage.

LAWYER'S VOICE

Not do-able - She's got two more albums on her contract -

MARTY'S VOICE

Hear me out guys.

90 INT. PRECINCT -- INTERVIEW ROOM -- NIGHT

90

ON NICK

As he turns from the window to face --

Marty and the legal entourage. Stonetree observes from behind his desk.

P.R. WOMAN

What about the rest of the tour? We refund the tickets?

MARTY

People, if you had tickets to see one of the most controversial artists of all time - and she was shot on stage at the top of the show... Would you turn in your tickets?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

They look at each other. He's got a point.

LAWYER

Rebecca sells more records than all our other artists put together. Who in their right mind blows up a goldmine like that?

MARTY

Someone who's looking for platinum.

(beat; off their skepticism)

You all know damned well that Rebecca's days were numbered.

(beat)

It's the truth. She was already falling off the charts in secondary markets. - She wasn't crossing over - You know what that spells. - It's the whole fan kill thing - deadly.

Reluctant MURMURS of agreement.

LAWYER

So you're saying we should let her go. Cut our losses?

MARTY

What losses? Look. We own her image. We own the catalogue. She's been assassinated for crying out loud! This is what sold me.

\*  
\*

His glance to Nick tells us who sold him... Stonetree gives Nick a look.

MARTY

Call it the 'Elvis syndrome' - the 'Morrison syndrome' - She quits while she's ahead, she stays ahead. We pump out a new Greatest Hits album for every sighting in a seven eleven - it'll never end.

Nick looks at them wryly as the gleam comes into their eyes. He looks through the glass partition at what we recognise to be Rebecca's video playing on a precinct TV.

NICK

Lucky guess.

As he watches, we MOVE IN on his face - the faraway expression as...

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

GENTLE STRAINS OF HER PRISON SONG (or the LONELINESS SONG) \*  
OVER: \*

MARTY'S VOICE  
They're already playing her \*  
non-stop on half the stations in  
T.O. It'll never end. We're  
talking eternity - a deal that will  
last for eternity...

91 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT (FANTASY/DREAM SEQUENCE) 91

Nick comes to the last lighted window and looks in.

NICK'S POV THRU GLASS

A television screen. WE MOVE IN to see

CLOSER ON SCREEN

becoming...

92 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 92

Rebecca, hitchhiking on the side of the road with her \*  
knapsack and guitar case. Smiling. Young. Free. Happy.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END